

TERROR



NO. 42
JULY



TALES



10¢

FROM THE

CRYPT

®

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE NEWSDEALERS OF AMERICA ARE SCREAMING...

STOPPIT!



BECAUSE, WITH JUST ONE DAY'S DISPLAY...

POOF! THERE GOES PANIC!

SO IF YOU'RE SELF CONSCIOUS IN A S.O. (BUYING OUT) CROWD... IF PANIC GOES POOF! TOO QUICKLY WHERE YOU BROWSE... IF YOU'D RATHER NOT PERSUASIVE TILL THE NEXT ISSUE COMES IN... THEN SUBSCRIBE! FILL OUT THE COUPON, ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR FOR EIGHT (8) ISSUES, AND MAIL! JUST GIVE THE ENVELOPE A GENTLE SQUEEZE, AND POOF!... SAY GOODBYE TO ORDER PROBLEMS! THE ONLY THING YOU'LL HAVE LEFT TO WORRY ABOUT THEN IS AN OFFENSIVE MAILMAN!

THE PANicky EDITORS OF PANIC
ROOM 7096
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) PLEASE
RUSH ME THE NEXT EIGHT DISCOUNTED
ISSUES OF PANIC. I WANT TO SAY "POOF!"
TO MY FRIENDS!

NAME _____


ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____


THE CRYPT OF TERROR

GREETINGS, BODILY AND BLOODY! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE MAGAZINE VOTED "I'D MOST LIKE TO BE SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH, IF MARLIN MONROE WERE ALONG TOO!" (Hahah!) THESE MUST BE AN HOUR IN THAT SOMEWHERE ANYWAY, IT'S YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER MAN, WELCOMING YOU TO ANOTHER SLIMY SESSION OF SICKENING SELECTIONS STARTING WITH THIS SCREAM-STORY GUARANTEED TO DRIVE YOU NUTS! IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF MUSICAL HORRORITE... A FAVORITE OF MINE! I CALL THIS DISGUSTING DELFING INTO DELIRIUM...

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and WEREWOLF



SACHA SARAS, THE FAMED CONCERT VIOLINIST, CLUTCHED HIS PRECIOUS STRADIVARIUS PROTECTIVELY TO HIS BREAST AND CURSED SOFTLY TO HIMSELF AS THE OLD COACH RUMBLLED AND BUMPED OVER THE BUTTED ROAD THROUGH THE ROMANIAN COUNTRYSIDE. THE OLD COACH HAD BEEN THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION AVAILABLE TO SACHA. TAXI DRIVERS HAD LOOKED AT HIS WIDE-EYED AND TURNED AWAY WHEN HE TOLD THEM HIS DESTINATION. SO HE'D CLIMBED INTO THE ANCIENT VEHICLE, WITH ITS TIGHT-LIPPED DRIVER, AND NOW HE WAS BEING WHIPPED AND JOSTLED ABOUT AS IT THUNDERED INTO THE NIGHT...



BLAST! THESE CONFOUNDED TRANSYLVANIAN HORRORS ARE EVEN WORSE THAN I REMEMBER THEM. IF IT WERENT TO SEE KASILE JORJA, I WOULD NEVER EVER ATTEMPT SUCH A JOURNEY!

THE FOAM-FLOCKED HORSE CHARGED INTO THE OMBRUS BLACK HILLS WITHOUT SLACKENING ITS MAD PACE. SACHA LEANED FROM THE COACH WINDOW AND SHOUTED AT THE DRIVER, WHO REMAINED AS HE HAD BEEN FROM THE START OF THE TRIP, GULLEN AND MUTE.

SLOW DOWN, YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO GET US BOTH KILLED?



SO THE FAMED VIOLINIST COULD ONLY PRAY FOR SAFE DELIVERANCE TO HIS DESTINATION. SOON, THE CREAKING BROOMING COACH CLATTERED LOUDLY OVER COBBLESTONES. THEY WERE PASSING THROUGH A TOWN THAT SACHA RECOGNIZED.

OH, SURE! THANK HEAVENS! ONLY SEVEN MORE MILES TO BRUDJA!



THE LAST SEVEN MILES BETWEEN OMBRUS AND BRUDJA WERE EVEN WORSE THAN WHAT HAD GONE BEFORE. THE COACH BOUNCED AND HEAVED OVER THE PITTED AND SCARRED DIRT ROAD. BUT AT LAST...

SO THIS IS BRUDJA? NO WONDER THEY DON'T HAVE THE ROAD HERE. ONLY A FOOL WOULD COME TO THIS GOD-FORSAKEN TOWN NOW! WHY EVERYTHING IS MOLDSOREN WITH DECAY AND ROT...

HEH, HEH! 'ONLY A FOOL,' HE SAYS. PARDON MY PUTTING FUN, KIDDOS, BUT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN SACHA. FOOL AS SACHA... WIKING HIS RECK AND A BEE, 000 FIDDLE TO REACH THIS HORRIBLE HAM-LET? YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN...



VASILE IDRGA LIVED IN AN ANCIENT HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. SACHA STOOD BEFORE THE MAN HE'D DREAMED SO LONG OF SEEING, BUT TIME HAD DONE ITS WORK ON HIS OLD TEACHER.

NO! I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MAESTRO! IT'S YOUR OLD PUPIL... SACHA... SACHA BARAK!



SACHA ALMOST WEPT AS HE LOOKED AT THE FACE OF HIS TEACHER... A FACE THAT HAD ONCE BEEN SO HANDSOME AND POWERFUL AND NOBLE, BUT NOW WAS WITHERED AND TOOTHLESS, WITH PAGED WATERY EYES. VASILE WAS A WERE SHELL OF THE STRICT, STERN MAESTRO SACHA HAD SO LONG REVERED...

FORGIVE ME, SACHA! I DO NOT SEE AS WELL AS I USED TO! HOW GOOD OF YOU TO REMEMBER...

AS IF I COULD EVER FORGET THE MAN WHO RECOGNIZED MY TALENT WHEN I WAS BUT A CHILD... AND TAUGHT ME ALL I KNOW



SUDDENLY, SACHA NOTICED THE OLD MAN STIFFEN. SAW HIS FACE BROW GREY AND HIS EYES FILL WITH TERROR...

SACHA! YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME TO VISIT ME HERE IN BRUDJA! IT IS DANGEROUS!

DANGEROUS? WHY, MAESTRO?



THE OLD MAN LOOKED AROUND UNEASILY, THEN STARED AT HIS FORMER PUPIL AND WHISPERED:

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SACHA? THIS IS WERE-WOLF COUNTRY! DON'T YOU RECALL THE INCIDENT THAT TOOK PLACE ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS LYING IN DREAMS AND YOU USED TO COME FOR LESSONS?

HOW COULD I? SO MANY THINGS HAVE HAPPENED SINCE THAT INCIDENT!



'DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT YOUNG COUPLE? THEY'D DRIVEN HERE FROM BUDAPEST, IMPULSIVELY SEEKING A TOUR THROUGH THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS. THE RUBBED ROAD BETWEEN CHIRAZH AND ARAMU HAD PROVEN TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MOTOR CAR.'

BE PATIENT, MARTA! I WILL FIND THE TROUBLE IN A MOMENT!

IF YOU DON'T, I SHALL FREEZE IN THIS MOUNTAIN NIGHT AIR, MIDDOLF!



'A FULL MOON HAD BEEN FILTERING THROUGH THE BEARDED OLD TREES, AND AN OMINOUS SILENCE HAD ENVELOPED THE LONELY SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE, A RUSTLING OF HEAVY BRAMBLES CAUSED THE WOMAN TO TURN HER HEAD, AND WHAT SHE SAW BROUGHT A SOUL-PIERCING SCREAM FROM HER THROAT.'

RUFFLE! EEEEEAAA... WHAT IS IT, MARTA!



'IT WAS A WEREWOLF! IT SPRANG UPON THE YOUNG WOMAN, DRIVING ITS RAZOR-SHARP FANGS INTO HER SOFT WHITE FLESH. WHILE THE YOUNG MAN SCREAMED FROM BENEATH THE CAN ...'



AAAAAAGHHHHHHK.

MARTA! MY GOD...!

'AS THE YOUNG MAN CAME AT THE SLOBBERING, SNARLING, BLOODTHIRSTY WEREWOLF, IT FLED, SHAKING WITH HORROR, HE FLUNG HIS LANTERN AFTER THE FLEEING BEAST, THE LANTERN SHATTERED AGAINST A TREE TRUNK, BURSTING INTO FLAME, AND HE SAW, BY THE SUDDEN LIGHT, HIS WIFE'S ARM DANGLE FROM THE WEREWOLF'S GROOING MOUTH ...'



CHORE.

'DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SACHA? YOU HEARD THE BOREAM THE CROWLS. THE COMOTION OUTSIDE. YOU WANTED TO GO ...'

NEVER MIND, SACHA! YOUR DEPART IS ONLY TWO WEEK OFF! WE MUST PRACTICE. IT IS NOTHING! GET BACK TO YOUR MUSIC STAND!

BUT, MAESTRO! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG! LOOK! MEN RUNNING... WITH LANTERNS ...



DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE WOMAN LYING BESIDE THE CAR, HER EYES SPARKING, HER FACE ASHEN... AND HER HUSBAND LISTENING IN HORROR TO THE WORDS ...'

SHE'S DEAD! NO! OH, LORD...NO! MAESTRO! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER? COME AWAY, SACHA! COME AWAY!



THE OLD TEACHER FINISHED HIS STORY WITH A SHAK. SACHA NOTICED THAT HE WAS SHAKING AND COVERED WITH SWEAT, AND HIS TOOTHLESS OLD MOUTH DAVVERED...

DON'T YOU LOH, YES? OF COURSE, REMEMBER? MAESTRO? I DO REMEMBER! BUT THE EXPLANATION OF THE INCIDENT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH: THE WOODS ARE FULL OF WOLVES! THEY'VE BEEN KNOWN TO ATTACK A MAN...



THERE HAVE BEEN MORE INCIDENTS, SACHA? HERE? READ THIS NEWS PAPER SENT TO ME FROM BACHAREST!

DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THERE IS A WEREWOLF HERE IN BRUDJA?



I ASK YOU TO BELIEVE SOMETHING? SEE THE DATE? NEARLY TWO MONTHS AGO? READ...

A MEMBER OF SUCH A SOCIETY FIGHT WITH HIS LIFE LAST NIGHT WHEN HE IGNORED THE WARNING TO STAY AWAY FROM THE TEAM-SLAVIAN TOWN OF BRUDJA. THERE WAS A FULL MOON, AND HIS BODY, STRIPPED OF FLESH, WAS FOUND...



THE OLD MAN POINTED TO THE ARTICLE IN THE NEWSPAPER.

THERE WAS A FULL MOON, SACHA! A LYCANTRIC MOON. IN TWO DAYS, THERE'LL BE ANOTHER! I TELL YOU DO NOT STAY IN BRUDJA!

NONSENSE, MAESTRO? I AM AS SAFE HERE AS YOU ARE! IF I AM NOT WELCOME IN YOUR HOME, I WILL GO TO THE INN, BUT I WILL NOT BE FRIGHTENED INTO LEAVING BRUDJA!



THE OLD MAESTRO SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS.

YOU WERE ALWAYS STUBBORN, SACHA? AND I DO WANT YOU TO STAY. IT'S JUST THAT, AT THIS TIME OF THE MONTH... AND A STRANGER IN TOWN... WELL... PROMISE ME YOU'LL KEEP YOUR BEDROOM WINDOWS AND DOOR LOCKED...

OF COURSE, MAESTRO? I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF! LOOK...



SACHA OPENED HIS SUITCASE AND TOOK OUT HIS REVOLVER...

I CARRY IT TO PROTECT MYSELF AND MY STRADIVARIUS.

A STRADIVARIUS? A GENUINE STRADIVARIUS? LET ME SEE!



OLD VASILE OPENED SACHA'S VIOLIN CASE AND DREW FORTH THE STRADIVARIUS. HE FOMDLED IT REVERENTLY AS SACHA STARED AT HIS GUN.

IF I REMEMBERED RIGHT, MAESTRO, LEGEND HAS IT THAT ONLY A SILVER BULLET CAN KILL A WEREWOLF?

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! IT, EN? SACHA? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?



SACHA'S EYES NARROWED. HE SMILED GRIMLY...

I'M THINKING ABOUT
KILLING ME A WERE-
WOLF, VASILE. DO YOU
HAVE AN IRON KETTLE
I MAY USE TO MELT
DOWN SOME SILVER...

DON'T BE A FOOL,
SACHA! WHY RISK
YOUR LIFE?

I AM NO FOOL, MAESTRO!
THINK OF THE PUBLICITY I
WILL RECEIVE...HEADLINES
IN ALL THE PAPERS THROUGHOUT
EUROPE! YOUNG VIOLINIST
FACES ROMANY TOWN OF
RAMPAGING WEREWOLF! YOU
SEE, VASILE, THERE'S MORE TO
SUCCESS THAN WERE WOUNDS!
EVEN I MUST HAVE PUBLICITY!

DO STOP WORRYING
ABOUT ME. TELL YOU
WHAT? YOU MAY PLAY
MY STRADIVARIUS AS
LONG AS I STAY HERE.
THERE? NOW GET ME
THAT KETTLE...



SACHA SPENT THE NEXT FEW HOURS IN THE CELLAR,
MELTING DOWN SILVER COINS AND POURING THE MOLTEN
SILVER INTO A MOLD HE'D MADE BY PRESSING THE SLUG
FROM AN ORDINARY BULLET INTO MOST SARTH. AND AS
HE WORKED, GLEASIC STRAINS OF A BAD STREPT AIR
PLAYED BY THE STRADIVARIUS BY THE PALTERING HANDS
OF HIS OLD TEACHER FILTERED DOWN FROM THE PARLOR...

“HMM!” THE OLD BOY CAN STEEL PLAY...



WHEN THE SILVER SLUGS WERE COOLED, SACHA
REMOVED THE LEAD SLUGS FROM THE REGULAR BULLETS
AND REPLACED THE SILVER ORES IN THE STEEL JACKETS.
HE WENT UPSTAIRS, FILLED THE CHAMBERS OF HIS
REVOLVER WITH HIS HANDWORK, AND PLACED THE BUR
IN HIS OVERCOAT POCKET. ...

“WELL, MAESTRO! NOW
I'M READY FOR THE
WEREWOLF OF
BRADUA!”

“SUCH TOWNS, SACHA.
SUCH MELLOW SOUNDS
COME FROM THIS GLORIOUS
INSTRUMENT!”



THE NEXT MORNING, EVEN THOUGH THE OLD MAESTRO
WARNED HIM AGAINST IT, SACHA WALKED INTO TOWN.
THE SUN BEAT DOWN ON THE MARKETPLACE, BUT THE MIGHT
IT BROUGHT WAS NOT ENOUGH TO OFFSET THE COLD, SUS-
PICIOUS STARES OF THE TOWNSFOLK. ...

“HMM!” NOT A FRIENDLY FACE AMONG THEM!
THE WAY THEY LOOK AT ME, YOU'D THINK I
WAS THE WEREWOLF...



BUT THERE WAS MORE THAN SUSPICION AND COLD-
NESS IN THE TOWNSPEOPLE'S STARES. SACHA SEEMED
TO SENSE A CERTAIN TENSERNESS...JOSHAPS HOSTILITY,
HE PLUNGED HIS HAND INTO HIS OVERCOAT POCKETS,
FEELING FOR THE REASSURING STEEL OF HIS
REVOLVER...

“CHORE. MY GUN?
IT'S GONE!”



SACHA RETURNED AT ONCE TO VASILE IORGA'S HOUSE. HE WAS VERY UPSET AND SPOKE BITTERLY TO THE OLD VIOLIN TEACHER...

I THOUGHT IT WAS ACCIDENTAL THAT SOMEONE JOSTLED ME WHEN I FIRST ENTERED THE MARKETPLACE, BUT NOW I REALIZE THAT HE MUST HAVE SPOKEN MY SON. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, VASILE? ONE OF YOUR TOWNSMEN IS THE WERE-WOLF!

NOW THAT YOUR SON IS GONE, PERHAPS YOU WILL LEAVE!

SACHA STARED AT HIS TOOTHLESS MESTRO...

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW I HAD A SON? HOW COULD THEY KNOW IT WAS LOADED WITH SILVER BULLETS? HOW COULD THEY? VASILE? YOU...

YES, SACHA! IT WAS I! I TOOK THE GUN FROM YOUR POCKET AND THREW IT DOWN THE WELL! IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE I AM AFRAID FOR YOU...



THE OLD MAN BEGAN TO CRY...

I DID IT FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, SACHA! HOW DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ANGRY AT ME!

ANGRY AT YOU? NO, VASILE! I AM TOUCHED BY YOUR CONCERN FOR MY SAFETY, BUT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LEAVING BRUDA!

THAT NIGHT, A BIGGISH MOON, NOT QUITE FULL, BATHED THE OLD MESTRO'S HOUSE IN A GOLD PALL LIGHT. INSIDE, SACHA SCANNED A NEWS-PAPER WHILE VASILE PLAYED THE VALUABLE VIOLIN...

WHY THIS IS LAST MONTH'S BODY-ARREST JOURNAL, VASILE, AND IT CAME TODAY.

THE MAIL IS ALWAYS COMING TO BRUDA, SACHA! YOU CAN UNDERSTAND!

SACHA WAS WELL INTO THE PAPER BEFORE A REPORT CAUGHT HIS EYE. HE LEANED UP WITH A START...

VASILE? LISTEN TO THIS! THERE WAS A FULL MOON LAST NIGHT WHEN FIVE PERSONS FROM OUR TOWN BECAME GONE WHILE CELEBRATING A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND WANDERED INTO THE OLD-FASHIONED TOWN OF BRUDA.



"...A SEARCHING PARTY FOUND THE FIVE BODIES THE NEXT DAY OUTSIDE THE TOWN. THEY HAD ALL BEEN STRIPPED OF THEIR FLESH! "BARE SKELETONS," UNIDENTIFIABLE!"

YES, SACHA! THAT HAPPENED LAST MONTH.

YOU SEE, IT HAS HAPPENED SO MANY TIMES TO SO MANY HUNDREDS OF POOR UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE OVER THE YEARS, THAT WE HERE IN BRUDA ARE NO LONGER SHOCKED BY IT!

I RECALL SOMETHING I READ ON MY LAST CONCERT TOUR, VASILE! I WONDER... HMM! OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME! TOMORROW, I AM GOING INTO BRUDA FOR ANOTHER SON...



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, SACHA BARAK, THE FAMED VIOLINIST, WALKED THE SEVEN MILES TO *CHADAY* IN ORDER TO PURCHASE THE SUN AND BULLETS HE NEEDED; HE CARRIED HIS EMPTY VIOLIN CASE.

I SHOULD HAVE *GUessed!* WELL, *Tonight* THE MOON WILL BE *Full* AND I WILL BE *Waiting* FOR THEM ... IN THE MARKETPLACE.

IT WAS PAST NOON WHEN HE RETURNED TO VASILE'S HOME. HE GRINNED CONFIDENTIALLY AS HE SHOWED THE OLD MAN THE SUN HE'D BOUGHT...

... AND *TONIGHT* I WILL *GO INTO TOWN* CARRYING MY *VIOLIN CASE* ... AND *WHO* WOULD SUSPECT IT CONCEALS A *BOW*...

NO ONE! OF *COURSE!*

THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON WAS SPENT IN THE CELLAR, CAREFULLY MOLDING BULLETS FROM WOLTER SILVER.



AND WHEN TWILIGHT WAS BEGINNING TO DRIBBLE THE TOWN, SACHA RETURNED TO THE PARLOR WITH HIS SILVER AMMUNITION, LOADED HIS BOW, AND REPLACED IT IN THE VIOLIN CASE...

There's Done! AND NOW *GOOD-Bye* VASILE, DON'T YOU EVER *Think* OF PLAYING THE VIOLIN!

NO! THIS ONE, SACHA! NOT A *STRONGARM!* *BEHIND*, YOU SAID I COULD PLAY IT WHILE YOU *STAYED*...



SACHA RESTED IN HIS ROOM, LISTENING TO THE LILTING STRAINS OF THE VIOLIN. SUDDENLY HE FELT VASILE'S HANDS GRASPING HIM.

IT IS *ALMOST TIME*, SACHA! THE MOON IS *ALMOST FULL!* COME! LET US *GO!*

Oh! NO SIR, OLD MAN! *You're staying here!* YOU TOLD ME YOURSELF IT WOULD BE *DANGEROUS!*



BUT VASILE INSISTED THAT HE WOULD FOLLOW SACHA ANYWAY, SO THEY WALKED INTO TOWN TOGETHER. ABOVE, THE MOON CAST AN EERIE GLOW UPON THE COBBLESTONE STREETS. THE MARKETPLACE WAS DESERTED, YET SACHA WAS AWARE OF A FRIGHTENING PRESENCE—SOMETHING HE COULD ONLY FEEL INSTINCTIVELY. THE WEIGHT OF THE WEAPON IN THE VIOLIN CASE COMFORTED HIM.



AND THEN, SLOWLY, THE FRIGHTENING PRESENCE MADE ITSELF KNOWN. THE TOWNSPEOPLE ... ALL OF THE POPULATION OF *CHADAY* ... BEGAN TO APPEAR FROM ALLEYS AND DOORWAYS AND DEEP SHADOWS. THEY CAME TOWARD SACHA AND VASILE.



AND AS THEY CAME, SACHA COULD SEE THEIR RED EYES GLOWING IN THE FULL MOONLIGHT, AND THE HAIR BRISTLING ON THEIR FACES, AND THEIR GLEAMING WHITE FANGS GRIPPING SPITTLE. HE COULD SEE THEIR SNARLING, DROOLING, WERE-WOLF FRODS, AND HE FETTERED IN DISGUST.



AND THEN SACHA BEGAN TO LAUGH. HE KNELT AND PLACED THE VIOLIN CASE ON THE COBBLE-STONES, FUMBLING WITH THE LATCHES...

I KNEW I WAS RIGHT! WHEN I READ IN THE PAPER THAT FIVE BODIES WERE STRIPPED OF THEIR FLESH, I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE MORE THAN ONE WEREWOLF!



HE SHRIEKED SHREILY AT THEM, HIS WORDS MINGLING WITH THEIR LOW THROATED GROWLS. HE OPENED THE VIOLIN CASE...

AND THEN I REMEMBERED A STORY I'D READ IN AN AMERICAN COMIC BOOK ON MY LAST CONCERT TOUR... A STORY CALLED 'MIDNIGHT MESS' IN A MAGAZINE CALLED 'TALES FROM THE CRYPT'... ABOUT A TOWNFUL OF VAMPIRES! AND I KNEW! I KNEW THAT DRUJIA WAS A TOWNFUL OF WEREWOLVES, AND I KNEW I'D HAVE TO BE READY FOR YOU...



THE SNARLING HOWLING BEASTS WERE ALMOST UPON HIM NOW... AND THEIR HOWLING SOUNDED LIKE LAUGHTER TOO. SACHA REACHED FOR THE GUN.

WELL, I AM READY FOR YOU, ALL OF YOU! BECAUSE I'VE GOT A GUN... LOADED WITH SILVER BULLETS! NOT JUST ANY GUN! A THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN! I'M READY... FOR... FOR... GOOD LORD!



SACHA'S LAUGHTER CHOKED BACK IN HIS THROAT AND THE HOWLING CAME UP AS THE BEASTS SPRANG UPON HIM. FOR THERE WAS NO SUB-MACHINE GUN IN HIS VIOLIN CASE... ONLY A USELESS OLD STRADIVARIUS! AND HIS FLASHING DROOLING TEETH TORE AND RIPPED AND SCRED SACHA. HE HEARD HIS OLD MAESTRO'S SOVEREIGN VOICE:

CAREFUL OF THE VIOLIN! AND SAVE SOME SOFF PAIT FOR A TOOTHLESS OLD WEREWOLF. REMEMBER! I BROUGHT HIM! I FIXED THING! I TOOK OUT THE GUN!



AND THAT'S MY VIOLENT VIOLIN PRICE, KIDDER. LET IT BE A LESSON TO YOU. DON'T FIDDLE AROUND WITH WEREWOLVES OR YOU MIGHT END UP LISTENING TO A FUNERAL MARCH IF SACHA'D ONLY HAD A BET TER MEMOIR. HE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT HIS OLD MAESTRO ALWAYS PULLED A SWITCH ON HIM. YOU'VE HEARD THE EXPRESSION, BEAT ME MAESTRO, RIGHT TO THE SOGA FOUNTAIN! I'VE BEEN CENSORED BY A BLUE-NOSE ASSISTANT EDITOR WE'VE GOT I NOW, THE HAWK-KEEPER ANNY. I'LL ONE YOU LATER WEAN WHILE I'VE GOT A TONGUE LERSON, SO I'LL BLOW DON'T FORGET! THE P.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB WANTS YOU. EVEN IF MURDER EL BE DOES!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! AND NOW IT'S MY TURN TO FREEZE THE WATERY BLOOD IN YOUR EXPANDED VEINS, KIDDIES! SO VENTURE INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR... AND YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, THE VAULT-KEEPER, WILL ENTERTAIN YOU WITH ANOTHER SCREAM-STORY FROM MY COLLECTION OF TERROR TONES. I CALL THIS TFLP-FARN...

BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

J. KEMER--

A SOBERING SWEET SMELL OF FLOWERS MIXED WITH THE BLUNT AROMA OF BURNING WAX. YELLOW CANDLE FLAMES FED ON WHAT FRESH AIR SEEPED INTO THE PARLOR OF HAYSON'S FUNERAL HOME. FRANK WILLIAMS LOOKED FOR THE LAST TIME AT JOAN LOVIN'S LOVELY WHITE FACE. THE DEATH-MARK FACE OF HIS BRIDE-NEVER-TO-BE. MR HAYSON TIFTODD RESPECTFULLY ACROSS THE THICK RED CARPET AND SPOKE IN A DOLEFUL VOICE, JUST ABOVE A WHISPER... THE DEAD GIRL'S MOTHER'S SOFT, UNCEASING SOBS FORMING A BACKGROUND FOR THE UNGERTAKER'S IRONIC WORDS...

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, MR WILLIAMS. SHE WASN'T LIKE THAT WHEN THEY BROUGHT HER IN, BUT EARL PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD INTO THE JOB BECAUSE HE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND AND HE WAS TO BE YOUR BEST MAN.

YOU'LL... YOU'LL THANK EARL FOR ME... WHEN YOU SEE HIM!



HARRY MARTIN STEPPED FORWARD OUT OF THE SHADOWS. HE REACHED FOR FRANK'S ARM...

G'MOR, FRANK! LET'S GO. I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK!

TH-THANKS, HARRY!



FRANK WILLIAMS PICKED UP HIS BAGS AND LET HIMSELF BE LED FROM THE FUNERAL HOME. HE SMILED BITTERLY AT THE BRIM JOKER...

EARL BOYS MADE HER BEAUTIFUL FOR ME. A WEDDING PRESENT FROM MY BEST FRIEND...

OLD MAN HAYSON IS STUPID! PLAIN STUPID! WHAT AN IDIOTIC THING TO SAY!



THEY SAT IN A BOOTH IN THE ALMOST DESERTED BAR. FRANK WILLIAMS, STILL WEARING THE CLOTHES HE'D FLOWN FROM NEW YORK IN... AND HARRY MARTIN, WITH THE BLACK ARM-BAND ON HIS SLEEVE.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, HARRY? WHAT'S ALL THIS BUNK ABOUT A VAMPIRE KILLING JOAN?

THE PART ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ISN'T BUNK, FRANK! BUT THE VAMPIRE DIDN'T KILL JOAN. I DID! WE ALL DID!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU'VE BEEN IN NEW YORK FOR THE PAST MONTH, SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON. SEE THE ARM-BAND? I'M IN MOURNING FOR! MY BROTHER CHARLIE DIED LAST WEEK. THERE WERE TWO OTHER DEATHS THE WEEK BEFORE!



AND YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME THAT A VAMPIRE...

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, FRANK, BUT I SAW IT... THE VAMPIRE? I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT AND YOU'LL BELIEVE...



THE NIGHT AFTER CHARLIE'S FUNERAL, I GOT DOWN MY HUNTING RIFLE. I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE TALK ABOUT A VAMPIRE. I WAS GOING TO GET THE MANIAC THAT WAS ROAMING OUR STREETS... WHERE'RE YOU GOING WITH A GUN, HARRY? WHAT GOOD IS A GUN? YOU CAN'T KILL A VAMPIRE WITH A GUN! I HEARD IT! YOU GOTTA USE A STAKE... A WOODEN...

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, WHAT! JUST LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND ME AND DON'T OPEN IT FOR ANYONE BUT ME!



SO I WENT! EACH NIGHT I HUNTED THE MANIAC, WITH THE WIND HOWLING THROUGH THE DARK STREETS AND THE SNOW CRUNCHING UNDERFOOT...

I'LL GET YOU! I'LL GET YOU FOR CHARLIE!



FOR FIVE NIGHTS I WENT OUT INTO THE WINTER BLACKNESS, I GOT TO ASKING MYSELF WHAT GOOD IT WAS GOING TO DO WALKING IN THE BITTER COLD WITH THE SLEET WHIPPING IN MY FACE, BUT THEN I'D THINK OF POOR DEAD CHARLIE WITH THOSE TWO BLOODY PUNCTURES IN HIS THROAT, AND I'D KNOW THE ANSWER...

THESE DAYS I'LL NEVER FIND HIM BUT I CAN'T OUST! I CAN'T, NOW...



"THEN, ONE NIGHT I HEARD A BURGLING CRY. THEN A MOANING JUST A LITTLE LOUDER. THEN THE MOANING OF THE WIND. I STARTED PEERING THROUGH THE DARK STREETS, AND THEN I SAW IT... BRACING OVER THE BODY OF A GIRL... ITS UGLY FANGS SUNG INTO HER THIN WHITE THROAT..."

GET AWAY FROM HER, YOU FILTHY WAMPYR!



"I RAISED MY GUN, FIRING AS I RAN TOWARD IT. I HEARD THE BULLETS THUD INTO ITS WILE FLESH... SAW IT RISE..."

MY GOD! BULLETS DON'T KILL IT! IT IS A WAMPYRE... ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! IT IS!



I KEPT AFTER IT, EMPTYING THE RIFLE AT IT, FINALLY LOST IT. IT JUST REEMER TO VANISH INTO THE SHADOWS. I WENT BACK AND LOOKED AT THE GIRL. SHE SEEMED TO BE BREATHING...

TWO PUNCTURES IN HER THROAT, JUST LIKE IN CHARLIE'S...



HARRY'S VOICE FAGED. HE LOOKED AT FRANK SITTING ACROSS FROM HIM IN THE BOOTH IN THE DESERTED BAR... THE GIRL... IT... WAS JOAN?

FEAR! JOAN LORRY! I... I RAN ALL THE WAY TO THE FIREHOUSE. I STARTED PULLING THE BELL ROPE...



THE FIRE-BELL WAS THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK OF TO GET THE TOWN OUT. I KEPT PULLING, MAKING ITS WOUNDFUL SOUND SHATTER THE WINTRY SILENCE. AND THEY CAME! THEY CAME RUNNING...

YOU SAW IT, HARRY? YOU SAW THE WAMPYR?

DID IT GET ANYBODY?

I SAW IT! I SHOT AT IT! BULLETS DON'T KILL IT! IT... IT GOT THE LORRY GIRL.



I TOOK THEM TO WHERE JOAN'S BODY LAY. DOC MORRIS LOOKED AT HER AND SHOOK HIS HEAD...

BLOOD-DRENCHED ALL RIGHT! BUT SHE'S ALIVE SOMEHOW!

SOMETIMES A WAMPYR'S VICTIM BECOMES A WAMPYR. THE ONLY WAY TO KILL IT IS...

... IS WITH A STAKE, DRIVEN INTO ITS HEART... AFTER DAWN...



"SOMEBODY GOT A STAKE AND WE STOOD A SILENT, BLOODY VIGIL OVER JOAN'S BODY. I FELT SOMETHING... AND COLD... EVEN WITH A BRIGHT FIRE GOING... BECAUSE OF WHAT WE HAD TO DO. AND THEN, WHEN DOC SAW THE FIRST ICE BLUE STREAKS OF DAWN IN THE EAST..."

IT'S TIME!



THEY HANDED ME THE STAKE, FRANK I HELD IT AGAINST JOAN'S HEART. SOMEBODY ELSE STOOD OVER IT WITH A ROCK!



FRANK LISTENED, STUNNED, HIS FINGERS SHAKING...

IT WAS AWFUL, FRANK! THE BEST OF THEM THEY COULD TURN AWAY! BUT I HAD TO LOOK! I HAD TO SEE!

HOW LOUDLY MURDERERS YOU KILLED HER!



HE REACHED OUT GRABBING HARRY...

WE HAD TO DO IT, FRANK. WE HAD TO! BY NOW, SHE'D BE SLEEPING IN A COFFIN WITH DIRT IN THE BOTTOM DURING THE DAY... AND AT NIGHT SHE'D BE ROAMING THE BACKSTREETS, THIRSTING FOR BLOOD! CHARLIE GOT JOB AFTER THAT... JUST TO MAKE SURE! AND THE OTHERS! WE EMBROIDERED THEIR COATS... GAVE STAKES INTO EACH OF THEIR HEARTS.



FRANK RELEASED HIS HOLD. HIS RAGE AND HATE WAS STILL THERE, BUT HE KNEW HARRY MARTIN AND THE OTHERS HAD DONE WHAT WAS RIGHT...

DON'T I SEND YOU THE TELEGRAM, FRANK, TELLING YOU TO COME RIGHT BACK HOME? DON'T I MEET YOU AT THE AIRPORT? ... I... I'M SORRY, HARRY!



THAT NIGHT, FRANK WILLIAMS WENT ON A HUNT THROUGH HIS QUIET ILLINOIS TOWN. ARMED WITH A SHARP DRIBBLE-Hewn WOODEN STAKE AND AN ANGER WITHIN HIM... A BUTTERFLY HATING ANGER...

I'LL GET THAT VAMPIRE! I'LL GET IT IF I HAVE TO LOOK FOREVER...



BUT FRANK DID NOT HAVE TO LOOK FOREVER. TOWARD MORNING, HE HEARD A BLOOD-COOLING, GURGLES-NASP COMING FROM THE DARK STREET AHEAD. HE SPURTED THROUGH THE SNOW SAW THE LOATHSOME HORRIBLE THING BENDING OVER ITS VICTIM, SUCKING ITS FILL OF BLOOD.

HARRY! IT'S GOTTEN HARRY!



HE WROTE FORWARD, HIS HEART POUNDING IN HIS CHEST SO LOUDLY THAT HE WAS SURE THE VAMPIRE COULD HEAR IT TOO. BUT IT WAS HIS CRUNCHING FOOTSTEP IN THE SNOW THAT MADE HIS PRESENCE KNOWN...

BLAST! IT HEARD ME!



THE VAMPIRE, WITH ITS BLACK CAPE FLOWING BEHIND, DOODED THROUGH ALLEYS AND DOWN NARROW WINDING STREETS, SEEMING AT TIMES TO ALMOST FLY. FRANK POUNDED AFTER IT IN BREATHLESS UNRELENTING PURSUIT...

DON'T LET IT GET AWAY!



SUDDENLY HIS QUARRY DARTED AROUND A CORNER. BY THE TIME FRANK REACHED THE SPOT, THE VAMPIRE HAD VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...

IT MUST HAVE GONE INTO ONE OF THOSE *SHEDS*! IT MUST HAVE GONE...



FRANK TURNED, HIS GLANCE FALLING ON THE SOMBER FAMILIAR STRUCTURE... *NARSON'S FUNERAL HOME*... WITH JOAN STILL LYING IN HER COFFIN...

COFFIN OF COURSE! A VAMPIRE SLEEPS IN A COFFIN BY *SEE* WHAT BETTER PLACE TO HIDE ONE!



HE CROSSED THE EMPTY DESERTED STREET, TRIED THE DOOR, FOUND IT OPEN. HE PULLED THE COIL OF ROPE HE'D BROUGHT ALONG FROM HIS POCKET, AND ENTERED CAUTIOUSLY...

JOAN TOLD ME ABOUT THE CELLAR, WHERE THEY STORE THINGS AND PREPARE BOOKS... PERHAPS DOWN THERE...



HE MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE DARK PARLOR, BRUSHING AGAINST JOAN'S COFFIN. THERE WAS A STAIRCASE IN THE REAR. HE STRUCK A MATCH, STARTED DOWN, HIS SHADOW PERFORMING A GROTESQUE DANCE ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM...



CERTAINLY ARE PLenty OF COFFINS DOWN HERE. AND... CHOICE... A BODY...

HE MOVED FROM COFFIN TO COFFIN, PEERING INSIDE, SEARCHING FOR THE TELL-TALE SIGN. AND THEN...

HERE IT IS! THERE'S *SMIT* IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS ONE!



SUDDENLY, FRANK BLEW OUT THE MATCH! HE'D HEARD A SOUND... *SMIT* GRINDING ON THE STAIRS ABOVE... HE CONSIDERED IN THE DARKNESS, LISTENING, AS A FIGURE CAME SLOWLY DOWN THE STEPS...



THE FIGURE SLIDED ACROSS THE CELLAR, FRANK LEAPED, WRAPPING THE ROPE AROUND IT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...

WHAT... WHAT'S GOING ON?! LE ME GO! HEY!

HOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU ARE... YOU FEND...

FRANK FORCED THE BLENDER, WIPY FIGURE TO ITS KNEES... LASHED ITS HANDS BEHIND ITS BACK... AND FUMBLER FOR A MATCH...

EARL! EARL! BOYO!

FRANK! WHY DON'T YOU LET ME KNOW YOU GOT HOME? SAY, IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE? O' MOM! UNTIE ME!

YOU'RE THE VAMPIRE, ARENT YOU, EARL, MY BEST FRIEND... A VAMPIRE? YOU'VE COME BACK HERE FOR YOUR SLEEP, HAVEN'T YOU?

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU KNOW I WORK HERE AT NIGHT, FRANK!

THERE'S BLOOD ON YOUR MOUTH, EARL! IS IT A VAMPYR'S BLOOD?

YOU KNOCKED ME DOWN FOR GOD'S SAKE, FRANK!

WHAT ABOUT THE CURF, EARL... THE DIRT IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS COFFIN?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, FRANK! JOAN'S DEATH MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR MISTAKE FOR YOU'VE GOT OUT OF YOUR MIND!

OUT OF MY MIND, AM I? IF ALL RIGHT? THEN YOU'WONT MIND PROVING YOU'RE NOT THE VAMPIRE! YOU WONT MIND BEING TIED UP IN THAT COFFIN...

IN THAT COFFIN WHY?

BECAUSE IF YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE, YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP... SOME SURPRISE, AND WHEN YOU DO, I'LL BE READY WITH THIS SNAKE. GET IN!

FRANK! I KNOW HOW MUCH JOAN MEANT TO YOU. BUT WHY BLAME IT ON ME? I LOVED YOU BOTH! I WAS GOING TO BE YOUR BEST MAN! I...

GET INTO THAT COFFIN AND SHUT UP! IT'S ALMOST SEVEN O'CLOCK. DONT TO BE VERY SOON!

EARL RELAXED SUDDENLY. HE CLENDED INTO THE COFFIN. FRANK TIED HIM SECURELY AND STARTED UP THE STEPS.

WHERE YOU GOING, FRANK?

UNPAIRING THERE ISN'T A WINDOW IN THIS PLACE. I WANT TO SEE THE SUN RISE...



THAT CALENDAR WILL TELL YOU, FRANK. IT'LL TELL YOU THE EXACT TIME THE SUN RISES.

YOU'RE RIGHT, EARL! LET'S SEE TODAY IS THE TENTH... THERE IT IS! SUNRISE... 7:15 A.M.!



FRANK LOOKED AT HIS WATCH...

THAT'S FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW, EARL... FIVE MINUTES!

YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE I'M NOT THE VAMPIRE!



THE MINUTES CRABBLED BY. FRANK PERKED AT HIS WATCH. THE CAME AND WENT. EARL WAS WIDE AWAKE. 7:20 CAME. FRANK HURLED THE STAKE AWAY IN DISBELIEF...

IF YOU WERE THE VAMPIRE, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN ASLEEP BY NOW!

SEET! I TOLD YOU! AND THE REAL VAMPIRE THE ONE WHO DOES THIS COFFIN... WAS 200 FEET AWAY! UNTIL ME!



FRANK UNTIED EARL. EARL GRINNED AT HIM... A STRANGE GRIN... AN EVIL, LEERING GRIN.

YOU'VE BEEN IN NEW YORK, HAVEN'T YOU, FRANK?

Y-YEAH! I FLEW BACK THIS AFTERNOON... WHEN I GOT HARRY TELEGRAM! TOOK THE FLEO PLANE OUT OF... OUT OF...



EARL'S LEERING GRIN CHANGED AS HE SPRANG. FRANK EJECTED FROM BEHIND HE SCARLING LIPS. FRANK SCREAMED...

MY GOD! HOW STUPID OF ME! ILLUARDS IS AN HOUR BEHIND NEW YORK!

THAT'S RIGHT, FRANK! YOU FORGOT TO CHANGE YOUR WATCH. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TILL SUNRISE! ANOTHER HALF-HOUR! ENOUGH TO DRINK MY FILL... AGAIN!



HEH... HEH! NOW ISN'T THAT A ALDOOF SHAME, RIDDER? JUST BECAUSE FRANK'S WATCH WAS A LITTLE FAST HIS TIME RAN OUT. YOU MIGHT SAY FRANK CAME TO A DEAD STOP! WELL... YOU'LL COME TO A DEAD STOP

WHEN YOU SEE THE STUFF YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN THE E. C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB ON THE AD FOLLOWING THE TEXT FOLLOWING THIS YEAR FOR INFO. I'LL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG. THE HALL OF HORROR! BYE NOW



ON ICE!



Plimpton fingered the wad of bills as he slithered through the shattered basement window. Stepping carefully over the shards of glass, he slipped his cigarette lighter from his pocket and glanced around the murky room. There was enough scrap paper scattered on the floor to make his job a snap. He picked up a crumpled wad of paper: printed on it was the name of the firm whose plant he was about to destroy by arson. He shrugged his shoulders and spun the flywheel of his lighter, if the owner of Freeze-Out Frozen Food Lockets wanted to pay a bundle to have the joint go up in smoke, who was Plimpton to argue?

A minute later he had emptied his tiny cans of lighter fluid in the right places. A sprinkle of the liquid here... a dribble of it there... and the scattered debris was primed for the match. Wadding the saturated paper under a wooden desk that would be sure to catch fire rapidly, he checked the minute details which would make this job a complete success. Several trails of tightly twisted paper radiated out from the doomed desk, one leading to a wooden filing cabinet, another crossed the floor to stacks of paper-packaging in which foods to be consigned to the big freezers were wrapped. One minute for the central wad of fluid-soaked paper to catch fire, and the whole dump would be a seething inferno. He had just one minute in which to scramble out through the shattered basement window... he could do it easily. There was no question in his mind: this job was as good as on ice!

Plimpton smiled to himself, thinking of the wad of bills in his pocket... and the still greater amount waiting for him when he rendezvoused with Mr. Freeze-Out Frozen Food Lockets. Then, suddenly, there was the sound of a door opening some where behind him.

In one convulsive moment Plimpton darted across the room, swung open the ponderous door of a huge enameled chest and hurled himself into the big freezer. He flamed himself against sharp-cornered food cartons crammed onto the huge refrigerator, leaning the lid close almost completely as a flashlight probed toward him out of the darkness. Through the scant inch between the freezer and the lid, he saw the old watchman advancing toward him slowly. Plimpton tensed to leap free of the box, but before he could move, the heavy lid had been slammed shut from the outside. The lock on the freezer lid snapped audibly.

Plimpton's fingers scratched frantically at the door, but the big chest was sealed tight. He screamed in anguish and pounded on the ice-crusted inner surface... already the numbing cold was strangling the breath in his lungs. His stiff fingers whirled the flywheel of the lighter and a bluish flame leapt up. The heat did little to dispell the awful cold.

Two minutes passed... three... then the flame flickered and died. Plimpton tried to hammer on the frosted metal, but his arms were useless stumps... and deep inside his agonized body a core of icy fire sent pulsating shocks along every nerve and fiber.

In a frenzy he struggled to move, but his body was held rigidly now by the chill embrace of the frozen packages. He opened his mouth to scream, but his spittle became a tracery of gagging ice over his cracked lips. His tongue began to swell and turn blue-purple... the color of a flame that, moments before, was poised to touch off a searing fire. He moaned once, and then became merely another consignment of quick-frozen meat.



**YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE
E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SMAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH 845-RELIEF PIN.

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢ IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER. ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL!

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new-friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____
STATE _____

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Well, look! It's amazing how addresses to the E.C. HORROR HIT PARADE keep pouring in from you clever little creeps. Some of 'em are getting pretty cozy though... let's look at! The following get-up-and-goony ones were suggested by Leonard Linwood, Shreve Falls, S. D., Billy Wilson, Queens Village, L. I.; Pete and Nancy Azary, Los Vegas, N. M.; Walter Lapowitz, Corvallis, N. Y.; Arnold Scherer and Judy Knight, Detroit, Mich., and Donna C. Thomason, Elgin Field, Fla.

IN SEAMS I STITCH YOUR HOUND, MADAM
I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH A BANSHIE
ON MY KNEE
GORGIN' ON MY MIND
OH HENRY GRIEVE, SWEET HENRY GRIEVE
I'M ACHIN TO BLIND YOU
TRYING WITH A SCALPEL
EAT, SEE BONES!
IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING, I'D A
MILKED A SHAKE
I LOATHE YOU A BUNDEL AND A PECK
(AND A HOPE AROUND YOUR NECK)
WHILE DROOLING IN THE DARK, ONE DAY
TILL MY VAULES AGAIN WITH GOO
BRIN ON THE ROOF
THE THIRD MAN SCREAM
OH, MAIMED PAPA
IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN TO HACE UP
WILD COMPSIS
CARRY MY BACE TO OLE VIRGINIA
FRANCING WITH SPEARS IN MY EYES

And from E. Nelson Bradford of Oklahoma City, we received the following LURID LYRICS TO THE GHOUL THAT'S HARRY.

The ghoul that I worry will have to be
As dismal and grey as a northwary
The ghoul I call my own
Would be greatly improved if she used some
cologne
Her claws will be sharpened, and in her hair
See I wear a green cycloide (like a nut all
these!)
Stand of Wits, I'll be still!
Next to her, and I'm sure I'll be better.
A couple six can carry
The ghoul that I worry must be

Michael Fitzgerald of SFC and Gordon Lewis, Jr. of Atlanta, Ga. suggest the following PUTRID PRO-GRONS

I BLEED THREE WIVES
GHOST OF THE TOWN
THE EDGE FINISH HER SNOW
EAT THE CLOCK
GREATEST FRIGHTS OF THE MORTUARY
TROUBLE OR NOTHING
FLYHOUSE OF SCARS
KING DE MALONE

Clay Kimball of Draper, N. C. and Sally Anne Elbow of Hazleton, Pa suggest the following EVIL ENTER-TAINERS

TERESA SIWER
MUSTY VAPOR
SID SQUEEZER
IMAGINE CHOICES

Stanford Grossman of Detroit, Mich. suggests a new dept

INGS AND MAGGOTS
BRINGING UP BLOOMER
TIM TYLER'S MOUCE
STEVE BORED HER
MICKY'S FINNED
ERRY'S WAKE
HER HEART AND HILST'S BONES

The LURID LITERATURE following was drafted by Doug Stewart of:

TOM'S NUME
WUMPIE'S STILL SKINNED
THE EMPHORE'S NEW GLOTS
THE THREE MUSKET'S CARS
UNCLE TOM'S STASSIN'
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT SLAYS
MY DEAR SLATED HER
THE LADY ON THE STAKE

PERVERTED POETRY by Cecile Abbott of Baltimore, Md.

When I was buried at sweet sixteen
Ghosts came to my funeral, it seemed,
They said they were sorry that I was dead,
And one of them began to scratch on my head
They said I was pretty and very sweet
And another began to scratch on my feet
They said I was nice, with many young charms
And then they began to scratch on my arms
They said they were sorry I'd had to depart
Then someone reached in and tore out my heart,
Ludily I awoke from this terrible dream
But then I really began to weep,
For there in my room sitting on stools
Was my mother, my father and six other ghosts!

Just enough room for a letter:

Dear Grossman,

In case you don't know, American magazines have sold more copies than local ones. And among the comic books E.C. sells fastest, according to the owners of my favorite stand. They are to count book creepies like Marilyn Monroe as to comic magazines

Tony Abbott
Miami, F. I.

Media - where the envelopes come from!

Commercially I.D. suggest THREE DIMENSIONAL TALES FROM THE CRYPT OF TERROR, starring goose truly and THREE DIMENSIONAL E.C. CLASSICS! (6 weeks... or two for \$50) Just mail in the media Sub-criptions to this mag... one that for eight month. Address for P.D. orders, sub orders, loan-or-rye orders, or post plate ads mail to:

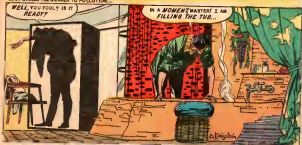
The Crypt-Keeper
Room 708, Dept. 43
215 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

**THIS YARN IS DRIPPING WITH
SWEET AND CLEAN HORROR...**

THE BATH



MY MASTER IS A VERY STRANGE MAN. AT TIMES HE IS LIKE A WILD ANIMAL, SO CRAZED AS HE WITH HIS LUST FOR SILVER. AND AT OTHER TIMES, HE IS ALMOST LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, SO DEVOTED IS HE TO HIS PERSONAL CLEANLINESS. HE BATHES CONSTANTLY, AS IF HE WERE ABOUT TO SCRUB HIS EVIL DEEDS AWAY WITH FOAMING BATH SOAP AND SCENTED SALTS. LISTEN TO HIM, NOW... SCREAMING AT ME! SUCH CARELESSNESS! SUCH IMPATIENCE! AS IF EACH MOMENT LOST BRINGS HIM NEARER TO POLLUTION...



WELL, YOU FOOL! IS IT
READY?

IN A MOMENT, MASTER! I AM
FILLING THE TUB...

MY MASTER IS SEÑOR PEDRO TOSOSA. HERE, ON HIS PLANTATION IN THE MATTO DORADO JUNGLE, HE IS ABSOLUTE KING AND I... I AM HIS MAN-SERVANT. I HAVE BEEN HIS MAN-SERVANT FOR MANY YEARS. I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD MANY THINGS...

MY NAME IS PABLO VENCOSA. IT IS I WHO UNDOESSES SEÑOR TOSOSA. IT IS I WHO PREPARES HIS BATH. IT IS I WHO PERFUMES THE WATER AND SCRUBS HIS BACK AND WASHES HIS EVILNESS AWAY...



NOT TOO HOT... NOT TOO
COLD, PABLO! IT MUST BE
EXACTLY RIGHT. HURRY,
YOU FOOL!

THE WATER IS JUST
RIGHT, MASTER...
AND THE TUB IS
ALMOST FILLED...



BEFORE! MAKE CERTAIN THAT
YOU HAVE DRAWN THE SHUTTERS
AND CLOSED THE DOORS. I DO
NOT WISH TO CATCH A DRAFT!

YES, MASTER! AND
SHALL I ALSO
SPRINKLE A FEW
GRAINS FROM THIS
RECENTLY ARRIVED
CAN OF BATH SALTS
INTO YOUR TUB?

SEÑOR TOSOSA NEEDS NOT ANSWER MY QUESTION. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE. SEÑOR TOSOSA LOVES HIS BATH-SALTS AND HIS GEMDORALS AND HIS PERFUMES. TO TRY A NEW ONE IS ALMOST A NECESSITY. DO I NOT WRITE EACH WEEK FOR NEW BATH PRODUCTS TO BE SENT FROM THE COAST? BUT I WAIT FOR HIS EXPECTED ANSWER...

AND AS I OPEN THE LID OF THE CAN, I THINK BACK OVER THE MANY YEARS I HAVE SPENT WITH THE GREAT SEÑOR. BATHING, LET ME SAY, IS NOT HIS ONLY PLEASURE. THERE ARE MANY OTHERS. TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT DAY SO LONG AGO...



OF COURSE, STUPID! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS BOTHER ME WITH SUCH QUESTIONS? IS IT LAVENDER OR PINE?

A NEW MIXTURE, MASTER. IT WILL CLEANSE YOU AS YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN CLEANSED BEFORE.



THOSE LAST WRETCHES ARE HOLDING BACK PRODUCTION. WHY CAN'T THEY MOVE FASTER? RAAGUL! STAY NEAR ME WITH THAT FAN! BART! THIS SUN! IT WILL MAKE ME SWEAT WHEN I BEAT THEM...

YES, MASTER!

HOW HAPPY HE WAS WHEN THE NATIVES JUMPED TO HIS WHIP STING AND HOW THEY CRIED AND MOANED IN PAIN. BY SEÑOR TOSOSA LOVED HIS SILVER MINE, HIS FLEASORATOR AND THE WEALTH THEY BRING HIM. BUT MOST OF ALL, HE LOVES TO BATH.

AND I, HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, WOULD BE AT HIS SIDE, READY TO DO HIS BIDDING...

FOR I KNEW THAT SEÑOR TOSOSA ALWAYS INSISTED UPON BATHING AFTER ONE OF THOSE DAILY CONTACTS WITH THE NATIVES...



WORK HARDER, YOU DOGS! SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR MY AUTHORITY. WORK HARDER OR YOU'LL GET NOTHING BUT BREAD AND WATER TO EAT!

FILTHY GARBAGE! THEY'VE MADE ME LEAVE MYSELF, BODICE, RAAGUL! THE ANTISEPTIC SPRAY I DO NOT WANT TO DEVELOP A FEVER.

YES, MASTER. AND I WILL PREPARE YOUR BATH AT ONCE!

AM-AM-AM! JAJAJAJ. BODICE! WILL YOU TAKE THE VERY CHARMING DOGS FROM THOSE CREATURES HAS BEEN WASHED DOWN THE DRAIN...

WILL YOU WANT THE ROUGH POWDER ON THE SMOOTH MASTER?



I KNOW THAT HE FELT POLLUTED AND DEFILED UNTIL HE COULD CLEANSE HIMSELF OF THE AURA OF HIS CONTACT WITH HIS WORKERS...

I WILL TRY THE ROUGH POWDER TODAY. RAAGUL! IT WILL CIRCULATE MY BLOOD AND ELIMINATE ANY DIRT PARTICLES THAT MAY HAVE REMAINED IN MY PORES. THOSE... FILTHY WRETCHES!

YOU ARE DISPLEASED ABOUT SOMETHING, MASTER?



ES LA VERDAD, RAAGUL! I WILL REMAIN A POOR MAN AT THE RATE THOSE LAST DEVILS WORK MY MINE. STARTING TOMORROW, I WILL START A NEW POLICY WITH THOSE DOGS. EACH MAN MUST OBEY HIS MENTOR IN SILVER ORE... OR HE WILL BE LASHED SPREAD-EAGLED IN THE SUN FOR TWO DAYS WITH NO FOOD OR WATER.



YES, EL SEÑOR TOBOSA WAS A MUCH RESPECTED MAN, HAD HE NOT COME HERE TO THE **MAYO GRASS** AND WORKED HIS SILVER MINE WITH THE HELP OF THE NATIVES? HAD HE NOT PROMISED TO TREAT THEM FAIRLY IF THEY WOULD WORK FOR HIM? HAD HE NOT BUILT A MARVELOUS PLAYGROUND AND SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH GOLD AND JEWELS AND OTHER TREASURES? HAD HE NOT DONE ALL THESE THINGS? HAD HE NOT DONE THE **OTHER** THINGS TOO...

WE CANNOT WORK ANY HARDER THAN WE ARE **WORKING**, MASTER. WE DO NOT GET ENOUGH **FOOD**! OUR STOMACHS **BROIL**, AND WE GROW **HUNGRY**. OUR FAMILIES STARVE. FOR **FAVOR**, MASTER.

YOU DARE **DEFILE** ME WITH YOUR **TONGUE**? GET **BACK**, YOU **PIG**! **BACK!**



HAD HE NOT BEATEN AND KICKED AND CURSED AND THREATENED THE NATIVES INTO SUBMISSION?... AND **HERE'S MY LABOR!** TAKE... **GOOF**. THIS **BACK** TO YOUR **WORN-OUT** BUTS. TELL THEM... **GOOF**. OBEY MY **ORDERS** OF **DIE!**

OWWWWWW!



BUT ALWAYS AFTER THESE DISGUSTING EXPERIENCES... THESE CONTACTS WITH THE NATIVES... MY MASTER WOULD TAKE HIS BATH. FOR THAT SEEMED TO BE THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD CALM HIM AND PUT HIM INTO A GOOD HUMOR AGAIN.

IF I **CATCH** ANYTHING FROM THAT MISERABLE **TOAD**, I'LL HAVE HIM **HACKED** TO **DEATH!**

THE **WATER** IS **NOT**, MASTER!



THE WATER WOULD LAVE HIM GENTLY, SMELLING OF SOAP AND BERMUDAS AND BATH SALTS...

AH! **GOOD!** THE **HOTTER**, THE **BETTER!** I MUST CLEAN THEIR **SLIMS** FROM ME, **RAGS!** I MUST REMOVE THEIR **POLLUTION!**



AND AFTERWARD, WHEN HE WOULD DRESS...

MY FACE LOOKS **SOFT** TODAY, **ENRAGAD!** SO **SMOOTH** AND **WHITE** AND **CLEAN!**

YES, MASTER!



THEN AND ONLY THEN, WHEN HE FELT THAT HIS BODY HAD BEEN PURGED OF ANY CONTAMINATION, WOULD SEÑOR TOBOSA BE IN HIGH SPIRITS, AND MANY WERE THE NIGHTS I WOULD STARE AND WATCH HIS COUNT' HIS GOLD AND CHECK HIS DAY'S PRODUCTION...

THE **RENTOLATORS** AND **AN** **PURIFIERS** ARE **WORKING**, MASTER!

GOOD! **GOOD!** I... WHAT IS **THIS?** ONLY **THREE TONS** OF **SILVER** **ONE** **DUB** TODAY? I'M **BEING** **CHEATED!**



ONLY THREE TONS OF SILVER? I'LL TEACH THEM TO **CHEAT** **ME!** I'VE BEEN **LENIENT** **LONG** ENOUGH! **FROM** **NOW** **ON** I'LL **SHOW** THEM THAT I **MEAN** WHAT I **SAY!** **FROM** **NOW** **ON** I'LL **DRIVE** THEM AS THEY'VE **NEVER** **BEEN** **DRIVEN** **BEFORE!**



AND WHEN MY MASTER WAS ANGRY LIKE THAT, I KNEW THAT MY DUTIES WOULD BE HEAVY AND TRYING. THAT THERE WOULD BE MANY MORE BIRDS.



YOU'LL ALL WORK HARDER AND LONGER! I'M INCREASING YOUR HOURS TO MAKE YOU REALIZE THAT MY ORDERS ARE NOT MERELY JOLE WORDS... THAT YOU

DOUGHY DOUGHY?

BUT WORST OF ALL WERE THE DAYS WHEN THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.



YOU DOUGHY? YOU FILTHY SOB! YOU SPREWED YOUR DIRTY BIRDS UPON ME. I'LL FIX YOU! GUARDS! GUARDS!

NO, MASTER! I COULDN'T HELP IT! MERCE, FOR GODS!

SEARCH TOBOSA WOULD SHRIEK FOR HIS GUARDS AND THEY WOULD CLOSE IN ON THE POOR SICK NATIVE WHO DARED INSULT HIM.



TAKE HIM AWAY! GIVE HIS MOUTH SHOT! FORTUNE HIM! KILL HIM!

NO! NO! YAAAAHHH!

ON THOSE DAYS, ALL WOULD FEEL HIS WRATH. IT WAS BEST TO OBEY HIM INSTANTLY OR SUFFER DRAVE CONSEQUENCES.



SPRAY THE ROOM! BRING ME MY METAL VAPORIZER! DRAW MY BATH! QUICKLY, RAJUL! IF I COME DOWN WITH A COOLD...

YES, MASTER!

I REMEMBER THE DAY EL SEÑOR RAIDED THE NEARBY NATIVE VILLAGE FOR MORE WORKERS...



NO! PLEASE! DON'T TAKE OUR SON AWAY! HE IS TOO WEAK. TOO YOUNG! HE WILL NOT STAND THE STRAIN! HE BELONGS TO YOU, TAKE US, BUT...

STAND BACK, YOU OLD FOOL! HE IS CAPABLE OF HIS SHARE! HE WILL COME WITH US...

FOR AFTER THAT, THINGS WERE NOT THE SAME. THE BOY INFILTRATED EL SEÑOR. OFTEN, UNDER THE HOT, BLAZING SUN, WHEN THE OTHER FORCED LABORERS STAGGERED BACK AND FORTH FROM THE MINE, SCARCELY ABLE TO STAND, SEÑOR TOBOSA WOULD PICK ON THE BOY.



WORK, I SAID! GET BACK ON YOUR FEET, SOB! SOB! DO AS I SAY! YOUR LIFE IS MINE! BACK ON YOUR FEET!

AND THEN HE WOULD COME PANTING AT ME, ANHORED BY HIS EXPERIENCE.



I AM CLIPPED WITH TREACHEROUS WORKERS AND WEAKLING BOYS! BASTA! ENOUGH! MY ARMS ARE WEARY FROM BEATING THEM. I FEEL FILTHY FROM BEING NEAR THEM. RAJUL! MY BATH...

YES, I REMEMBER IT WELL... ALL OF IT. THE BOY
DREW WEAPON AND WEARDER UNDER THE OBLIVIOUSNESS
OF MY MASTER'S ANGRY BELLINGING, FINALLY COLLAPSED...
TODAY.

I REMEMBER HOW THE BOY'S PARENTS RUSHED FROM THEIR
STATIONS TO THEIR DEAD SON'S SIDE.



HE... HE IS DEAD,
MASTER!

WAAH? HE WAS LIKE A JOY?
I SHALL HAVE TO FIND WORKERS
WITH MORE STAMINA!



YOU HAVE DONE THIS TO
OUR SON, YOU FAT FOREIGN
PIG! YOU HAVE TAKEN
AWAY... SOB... OUR OVERLOAD!

YOU ARE EVIL!
I WOULD LIKE TO
SMEESE YOUR
FAT ONLY HEED!

KEEP
AWAY!

...HOW THEY FOOLISHLY ATTACKED MY MASTER.



SCORCH HIS
PIG EYES OUT,
JUAN! LET HIM
FEEL THE PAIN
AND MISERY
THAT FLAGRANT
OUR PEOPLE!

SWINE!
MURDERING
SWINE!

KEEP AWAY!
KEEP... I'M
CONTAMINATED!
TAKE YOUR SLIMY
HANDS OFF... WE



...AND HOW THEY EACH FELT THE STINGING BULLETS
FROM EL SEÑOR'S GLEAMING REVOLVER.

I REMEMBER HOW HE STOOD OVER
THEM, SHUDDERING IN REVOLUTION...

I'LL TEACH YOU TO VIOLATE
BY PERSON, TO DARE TOUCH
ME WITH YOUR GREASY HANDS!
I'LL LET YOUR CARCASSES ROT
IN THE SUN.



...HOW HE SCREAMED AT THE OTHERS.

HOW GET BACK TO
WORK, YOU SWINE?
OR YOU'LL ALL ROT
ON THE SUN WITH
THEM!



...HOW HE CAME IN PANTING.

MY BATH, RAJUL! GET
MY BATH READY! I MUST
CLEANSE MYSELF OF
THEIR FILTH... YES...
MASTER.



SO I OPEN THE LID OF THE CAN AND I EMPTY ITS CONTENTS INTO MY MASTER'S BATH. IT IS A BIG CAN BUT HE DOES NOT SEE ME DO THIS...



YOUR BATH IS READY, MASTER!

ERT OH! GOOD! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, RADUL! WHERE DID YOU GO WHILE I WAS DRESSING?

I LEAD MY MASTER TO THE TUB AS I HAVE DONE SO OFTEN...



I WENT TO GET THE NEW BATH PREPARATION, MASTER!

OH! BEST! IT'LL CLEANSE ME AS I HAVE NEVER BEEN CLEANSED BEFORE YOU SAID!

THE BOARDS CREAK UNDER MY FAT MASTER'S WEIGHT AS I HELP HIM INTO THE TUB.



GOOD! I FEEL POSITIVELY FILTHY AFTER ALL THOSE DEATHS... THEIR DIRTY BLOOD SPLATTERING UPON ME.

YOU WILL BE CLEANSED, MASTER!

I LISTEN TO HIS SCREAMS OF PAIN AS HE SINKS INTO THE SWIRLING AND EDDYING BATH WATER...



RADUL! MY GOD! RADUL! YAAEEEEEEAGGG...

YOU WILL BE CLEANSED TO THE BONE, MASTER!

I LISTEN TO MY MASTER SCREAM, JUST AS THE BOY HE BEAT TO DEATH SCREAMED, AND THE BOY'S PARENTS HE SHOT TO DEATH SCREAMED, FOR MY MASTER'S BATH HAD BEEN FILLED WITH A CANFUL OF THE TERRIBLE, FINE-SAVAGE-FLESH-EATING, PIRAHANA FISH OF THE MATTO GROSS...



AAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEE...

THE SILVERY PIRAHANA, RIPPING, TEARING, STRIPPING MY MASTER'S FAT FLABBY FLESH FROM HIS BONES, CLEANING HIM AS HE HAD NEVER BEEN CLEANSED BEFORE, KISSING THE BOY AND HIS PARENTS, WHO WERE ALSO MY PARENTS.



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! HOBBLE INTO THE HAVEN OF FEAR, IDIOTS, AND YOUR SHIVER-CHEF, YOUR SLOP-SERVER, YOUR HOSTESS-IN-HEAVEN, THE OLD WITCH, WILL FEED YOU FOUL FARE FROM HER GRUDDY CAULDRON. YEA, IT'S ME AGAIN, READY TO WIND UP L.A.'S MAS WITH ANOTHER JERRY ITEM FROM MY HORRID MINDS. SO OPEN YOUR BARKING LITTLE MOUTHS AND I'LL POP IN THE PUTRID POT-PORE I CALL...

HOODWINKED!

THE AIR IS STEPPING IN THE OLD HOUSE... STINKING OF WHISKEY AND HOONIE AND QUAT AND SWEAT. THE SHADY FURNITURE, USUALLY SO ORDERLY, SHOWS SIGNS OF THE STRUGGLE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE. LEON LETS HIS SADE WANDER ABOUT THE ROOM... STOMPING AT THE STAINED, AGED WALLPAPER WITH THE FADED, GRID-SAY PATTERN... THE FOUR SAD WALLS... AS IF THEY MIGHT TELL HIM WHAT THEY'VE WITNESSED BEFORE HE'D GOTTEN HOME. HE GLANCES QUICKLY INTO THE BATHROOM ACROSS THE HALL, STUDYING WHAT LIES THERE ON THE HARD COLD FLOOR. THE GORGE RISES IN HIS THROAT AND SPICKS IN IT. HIS EYES DART TO HIS BROTHER... TO CHET'S TORN SHIRT AND THE SCRAATCHES. CHET LOOKS UP AT LEON, TRYING TO READ WHAT IS IN HIS EYES, BUT THEY TELL HIM NOTHING. FINALLY CHET SCREAMS...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO FEEL AT ME, LEON? AREN'T YOU GOING TO GET MADD? DON'T JUST STAND THERE! SAY SOMETHING!



LEON'S FACE IS COLD. HIS MOUTH IS A STRAIGHT LINE. CHET SHUCKERS... LOOKING DOWN AT THE FLOOR...

WHY DON'T YOU HIT ME, LEON? WHY DON'T YOU BEAT ME TO A BLOODY PULP? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?

I'M THINKING ABOUT HOW THIS WHOLE CRAZY THING GOT STARTED. I'M THINKING ABOUT WHAT A FOOL I WAS... TWENTY YEARS AGO...



TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHEN MA WAS UPSTAIRS, LYING IN HIS BED, GASPING FOR BREATH...

AND SHE MADE ME PROMISE... HE'S A BABY, LEON! TAKE CARE OF HIM! YOU'LL BE... ALL ALONE... JUST THE TWO, SE... YOU, PROMISE ME...

MAMA... MOM... MAMA!

I PROMISE, MA! I'LL LOOK AFTER CHET, I'LL KEEP HIM WITH ME... I'LL WORK FOR HIM... I'LL... I'LL...

MA NEVER HEARD THAT PROMISE, CHET! I MADE IT, BUT IT FELL ON DEAF EARS. SHE WAS DEAD... MOM, CHET! SPEAK TO ME... SHE'S... SOB... SOB!



YOU DON'T REMEMBER IT VERY WELL, DO YOU, CHET... THE DAY MA DIED? WELL, I REMEMBER IT. I REMEMBER IT SO CLEARLY! I MADE A PROMISE, CHET! MA. I KEPT IT! THAT'S THE KIND OF GUY I AM! A PUSHOVER! YOU KNEW IT, TOO...

LEON! I...

REMEMBER THE BICYCLE, CHET? REMEMBER HOW YOU SAW IT IN THE WINDOW AND BEGGED ME FOR IT? YEARS! YOU KNEW I WAS A PUSHOVER! I DID A LOT OF OVERTIME TO GET THAT BIKE FOR YOU! IT WAS THE BEST... IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND...



REMEMBER THE BIKE, CHET? IT WAS A BIG THING TO YOU, BUT THE THRILL DIDN'T LAST LONG, DID IT? JERRY HADSON BOUGHT HIMSELF A SECOND-HAND CONVERSIBLE AND YOUR FORTUNE WENT OUT...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED HOME FROM SCHOOL THAT DAY... THE WAY YOU DREAMED ABOUT A JALOPY OF YOUR OWN, AND HAVING DATES, AND PARKING. YOU WERE ALL SET FOR ME WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORK THAT NIGHT, WEREN'T YOU?



SAID, IT'S THE NUTS, JEN! WHAT'S THIS JOY WAGON GET YOU BACK?

ONE-TWENTY... WITH NEW BEAR COVERS, CHET. I'M FELLOW YOU, THE CHICKS IN SCHOOL. SO NUTS OVER A JALOP. I JUST RAISE MY EYEBROWS AND IN THEY JUMP!

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, CHET! CAN'T YOU MAKE THE BIKE DO FOR ANOTHER YEAR?

I SOLD THE BIKE, LEON... FOR TWENTY DOLLARS!

TWENTY BUCKS!
FOR PETE'S SAKE,
CHET! I PAID **SORTY-
TWO FIFTY** FOR
THAT BITE A COUPLE
OF MONTHS AGO!

DID YOU EVER TRY TO SELL A
SECOND HAND BIKI? THAT'S
ALL THEY'RE WORTH! THE
TWENTY WILL GO TOWARDS
A DOWN PAYMENT ON THE
CAR, LEON. ALL THE GUYS
AT SCHOOL ARE GETTING
CARS...

"**YEAH, YOU KNEW ME, CHET!** YOU KNEW I WAS A
PUSHOVER! YOU KNEW I'D ASK A LITTLE, BUT THAT
IT'S FINALLY GIVE IN. REMEMBER HOW BIGGED I WAS AT
THE PRICE OF THE CAR YOU HIKED OUT..."

**FIVE
HUNDRED
DOLLARS!**
BUT, CHET?
YOU SAID...

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY,
MR. DOYLE! A CAR LIKE
THIS STANDS UP
YOU SAVE ON
REPAIRS...

IT'S TOO MUCH,
LEON! I SAW THE
DOWN PAYMENT
SIGN AND THOUGHT
IT WAS THE PRICE.

"THAT'S THE WAY I WAS, HAH, CHET! I ALWAYS
ENDED UP SPENDING MORE BECAUSE YOU HAD TO
HAVE THE BEST..."

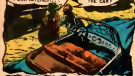
IT WON'T BE TOO BAD
FIFTEEN MONTHS TO PAY
OFF THE BALANCE. LET'S
SEE, THAT'S THREE HUNDRED
DIVIDED BY FIFTEEN...
PLUS INTEREST...

I'LL GET A JOB
AFTER SCHOOL,
LEON. I'LL BUY
THE CAR, AND
YOU CAN USE
THE CASH!

"REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, CHET? YOU NEVER DID KEEP IT.
YOU NEVER DID FIND THAT AFTER-SCHOOL JOB. YOU NEVER
EVEN LOOKED. AND I LEARNED THAT A CAR CAN BE AN
EXPENSIVE PROPOSITION..."

**WHAT? BUT I JUST
GAVE YOU THREE BUCKS
YESTERDAY!**

THAT WAS FOR GAS AND OIL!
I CAN'T GO ON A DATE WITHOUT A
CENT IN MY POCKET, CAN I?



I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH
YOU, CHET! NEW CLOTHES?
FORES? SPECIAL HMB
GAP? DATES? I CAN'T...

THANKS,
LEON!
I'LL SEE
YOU IN
THE
MORNING!

CHET LISTENS UNEASILY AS HIS
BROTHER LEON'S VOICE DRONES ON...

THAT CAR MUST'VE COST ME
A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND ALL
TOLD BY THE TIME I
PAID IT OFF. BUT IT
WAS JUST THE TWO
OF US THEN, AND IT
DON'T MATTER
THAT I WASN'T
SAVING A DIME...

IT
WAS
8000
WHEN
THERE
WERE
ONLY
TWO OF US.

IT DON'T MATTER TILL I
MET CLAIRE F THREE
YEARS AGO. IT WASN'T
DOGHT SEEM THAT
LEON? YOU WERE ANY
AT COLLEGE THEN?
YOU'D WANTED TO
STUDY LAW.

I'LL
GO
BACK,
LEON!
I'LL...



LEON LOOKS AWAY FROM THE BATHROOM WITH ITS GOLD TILE FLOOR AND THE COLD BODY LYING THERE. HE LOOKS AT HIS BROTHER, AND A SHADOW DARKENS HIS FACE...

GO BACK? WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE COULD ALL GO BACK... YOU AND CLARE AND ME?

LEON, I COULDN'T HELP WHAT HAPPENED!



"SHE WAS TWENTY THREE WHEN I MET HER... SIX YEARS YOUNGER THAN I. IF EVER THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE THAT WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER, IT WAS CLARE AND ME..."

DO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW GOOD I FELT WHEN I GOT THAT RAISE. IT MEANT CHET COULD GO TO COLLEGE.

HE MUST BE A WONDERFUL BOY FOR YOU TO BE SO GOOD TO HIM! LEON!



"CLARE WAS LIKE THAT, CHET? NO MATTER WHAT SHE MAY HAVE THOUGHT, SHE NEVER ONCE SUGGESTED THAT I WAS SPOILING YOU..."

WELL, I'VE HAD TO BE BOTH FATHER AND MOTHER TO HER, CLARE. IF I DON'T SEE TO IT HE GOT A BREAK, WHO WOULD?

YOU'RE A WONDERFUL PERSON, LEON!



"CLARE WAS SATISFIED JUST WALKING WITH ME. SHE KNEW I COULDN'T AFFORD TO TAKE HER OUT, WITH YOU IN COLLEGE..."

IT WERE SOUND FUNNY FROM A MAN MY AGE, BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL I'VE... ER... DANCED WITH SINCE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY!

I ONLY WENT WITH ONE OTHER MAN, LEON. HE TRIED TO GET FRESH WITH ME SO I STOPPED SEEING HIM...



"CLARE WAS A GOOD GIRL, CHET. THAT'S THE WAY I WANTED HER TO STAY. REMEMBER WHEN YOU MET HER? YOU'VE COME HOME FROM COLLEGE FOR THE SUMMER VACATION..."

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME! LEON... FINALLY... BUT YOURSELF A GIRL? WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME...

CLARE IS MAKING SOMETHING SPECIAL TO CELEBRATE YOUR HOMECOMING, CHET? SHE CAN REALLY COOK? HA! YOU'LL SEE...



"WELL CLARE WAS OUT IN THE KITCHEN, I TOLD YOU ABOUT HER... HOW WE SAW EACH OTHER EVERY NIGHT... HOW SHE CAME TO THE HOUSE TWICE OR THREE TIMES A WEEK TO COOK FOR ME. ONLY YOU... YOU STARTED IMAGINING THINGS..."

GO THAT'S HOW IT IS, CHET? HOW IS IT AT ALL, CHET? IT IS, CHET? SHE'S LIKE A GOOD-LOOKING...

THAT'S NOT HOW IT IS AT ALL, CHET? SHE COOKS? PERIOD? CLARE AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED...



"BUT MY NEWS MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO YOU... TO YOUR ATTITUDE. THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN I GOT HOME FROM WORK, THERE WAS A NEW TV SET IN THE LIVING ROOM..."

CRIPES, I'VE BEEN SAYING FOR CLARE AND ME TO GET MARRIED? THAT SET'LL COST ME MORE THAN I'VE GOT IN THE BANK...

I WAS JUST THINKING OF YOU, LEON. BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, SEND IT BACK!



LEON'S VOICE FADES AND HE IS
SILENT FOR A MOMENT, CHET WATCHES
HIS FACE BACK AND FORTH.

LEON STOPS BEFORE HIM, AND CHET
CAN SEE THE ANGER MOUNTING IN
HIS FACE...

LEON TURNS AND LOOKS AGAIN AT
THE BODY ON THE COLD HARD TILE
FLOOR OF THE BATHROOM...

THAT I'VE SET MEAT
MYSELF YOU WHEN YOU
WENT BACK TO COLLEGE
AND BEFORE I EVEN
FINISHED PAYING FOR
IT, YOU'D SOLD IT?

I NEEDED
MONEY,
LEON. I
NEEDED IT
BEFORE I
COULD!

FOR SOME CHEAP
GAME UP THERE!
BECAUSE OF SOME
CHEAP GAME, CLARE,
AND I HAD TO PUT
OFF GETTING MARRIED.

I KNOW!
YOU'VE GOT
PLENTY TO
BE MAD ABOUT,
LEON...

YOU ALWAYS MEDITATED SOMETHING?
AND I NEVER REFUSED? CLARE
AND I WERE CONSTANTLY PUTTING
OFF OUR MARRIAGE, FOR THREE
YEARS I KEPT HER WAITING BECAUSE
OF YOU! FOR THREE YEARS! THEN
YOU CAME HOME FROM COLLEGE!
QUIT?

"YOU HAD PLANS. BIG PLANS. YOU STARTED TALKING
FAST, BUT I WAS THROUGH..."

SO THIS OTHER GUY AND I,
WE SAT DOWN AND FIGURED
OUT HOW IN A YEAR WE
COULD PAY OFF A SERVICE
STATION AND EVENTUALLY
RUN IT INTO A GEM...

FINE, CHET? IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU WANT, SO DO
IT! BUT DON'T EXPECT
ANY MORE HELP FROM
ME. I'M FORGOTTEN WHEN
THAT COLLEGE MONEY
IS REPAYED, CLARE
AND I ARE GOING TO...

"I DIDN'T HAVE TO FINISH! I COULD SEE IT IN YOUR
FACE..."

THE COLLEGE MONEY,
CHET? WHERE IS IT?
HAND IT OVER!

LOOK, LEON! I GOT IT BACK
FROM THE BORGAR! WHEN I
HAD THIS CHANCE FOR A
REAL BUY...

"IT WAS OUT THERE, PARKED AT THE CURB, ONE OF
THOSE FANCY FOREIGN SPORT CARS."

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT JOB COST ME?
LEON? SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
THREE YEARS AGO! I GOT IT FOR
FIVE! THE STATION HONORED I GOT
BACK FROM COLLEGE AND THE FIVE
HONORED! THEY ALLOWED ME FOR
THE OLD MAN...

YOU STILL
OWE A
THOUSAND
DOLLARS
ON IT...

"I TRIED TO SPEAK. TRIED TO GET MAD. BUT THE WORDS
WOULDN'T COME OUT. AND THEN CLARE PUT HER HAND ON
MY SHOULDER..."

IT'S ALL RIGHT, LEON!
I'LL WAIT!

AND IF I OWN MY OWN SERVICE
STATION, LEON, REPAIRS AND
OIL WON'T COST ME A CENT!
RIGHT?



"SO CLAIRE AND I PUT OFF OUR WEDDING AGAIN. BUT IT WAS ALL JUST TALK. YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT SERVICE STATION, YOU WERE THE SAME OLD CHET. AND THAT EXPENSIVE CAR WAS EVERYTHING..."

JUST THE DOWN PAYMENT FOR A RADIO, LEO. I'LL PAY OFF THE REST MYSELF WHEN I GET A JOB...



"YOU NEVER LOOKED FOR A JOB..."

MR. WILSON SAID I COULD BRING IT TO YOUR OFFICE TO SHOW YOU, LEO. IT'S ON SALE! TWELVE BUCKS! ISN'T IT THE SMALLEST WOMAN YOU EVER SAW? I'VE JUST GOT TA HAVE IT



"AND I KEPT SHELLING OUT UNTIL CLAIRE PUT HER FOOT DOWN. THAT WAS LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU ASKED ME FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS..."

A STERLING SILVER ROAD ORNAMENT FOR HIS CAR? NO, LEO! YOU GAVE HIM THE MONEY, AND I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, CHET!



"YOU WERE STUNNED, WEREN'T YOU, CHET? IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER REFUSED YOU ANYTHING! MAYBE THAT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON. MARRIE IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED ANYHOW. YOU CAME HOME AND FOUND CLAIRE HERE... ALONE. AND YOU WANTED HER TOO..."

I DON'T DRINK, CHET. NOW CHET! STOP IT! STOP!

IF YOU WON'T HAVE A DRINK WITH ME, HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE KISS?



"SO YOU TOOK HER..."

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, CLAIRE!

DON'T CHET! PLEASE DON'T! GASP... OH, CHET!



"LATER, WHEN YOU LOOKED FOR HER, YOU COULDN'T FIND HER..."

CLAIRE? CLAIRE, WHERE ARE YOU?

UNTIL YOU CAME TO THE BATHROOM AND SAW HER LYING ON THE FLOOR WITH HER TIE FLOR WITH THE KISSING STAINS AROUND HER MOUTH AND THE MEDICINE CABINET OPEN AND THE EMPTY SODINE BOTTLE IN THE BINK. YOU SAW HER ADOPTED-TWISTED FACE AND KNEW THAT SHE WAS DEAD!



LEON STANDS OVER HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, AND THERE IS A FLAMING RAGE BURNING IN HIS EYES...

... A RAGE THAT SEEMS TO BURN BRIGHTER AND WILDER...

... WILDER AND MADDER EACH MINUTE...



I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING, CHET! WHAT I DIDN'T GIVE YOU FOOD!



NOT I DIDN'T GIVE YOU EVERYTHING, DID I? YOU WANTED A HOOD ORNAMENT FOR YOUR CAR!

LEON! I...



I NEVER COULD REFUSE YOU, CHET! YOU'LL HAVE THAT ORNAMENT FOR YOUR CAR!

BEFORE LONG, LEON DOYLE IS TEARING ALONG THE HIGHWAY FEELING THE WARMTH OF CHET'S BODY BESIDE HIM, AND LEON IS LAUGHING A MANICAL KIND OF LAUGH.

BUT CHET'S BODY IS SILENT! HE DOESN'T ANSWER LEON'S QUESTIONS! HOW GARNNE, I



I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANTED, CHET! I EVEN GAVE YOU CLAIREF! AND NOW... EH... EH... YOU'VE GOT YOUR ORNAMENT! EH... EH! LIKE IT, CHET? LIKE IT?



LIKE THE HOOD ORNAMENT, CHET? EH... EH... EH... EH...

FOR CHET'S EYES ARE CLOSED TO THE SIGHT OF THE ROAD FLYING AT HIM, HIS EARS ARE DEAF TO THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE. HE DOES NOT FEEL THE WIND RUSHING BY HIS HEAD WHERE LEON HAS FASTENED IT SECURELY TO THE HOOD...



... EH... EH... EH... EH...



HEE...HEE! WELL, GEEPS! THAT'S THE YARN! DOESN'T THAT TOP 'EM ALL? ANYWAY, IT PUTS THE LAD ON CLAIREF'S REVERSED PERIODICAL FOR THIS ISSUE! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE MAMET OF HORROR, BY THE WAY! DID YOU HEAR DE ONE ABOUT DE HEADLESS BODY THAT GOT STUCK ON A BOTTLE OF POP BECAUSE... SET... EH... DE CAR IT AYE! HEY, HEY! AND YOU'LL GET UP ALL THE CAR YOU GET FROM THE E. O. PAM-ADDING! CLEAR, SEE THE AD FOR THE WPO. DON'T FORGET! ENJOY YOURSELFF! NO ONE ELSE! ONLY 'EYE, NOW!

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WHAT
WANTERS YOU
BOYS AND GIRLS

SEE HOW
EASY
CHILDREN

WHAT SET

WHAT BARS
FEELING BY

BIG GUN
CANNON

HOW TO
BUILD
BICYCLE

BARBER
WALL
PAPER
MACHINE

ELECTRONIC
TWO WAY
WALKING TALKER

HOW EASY
TO USE
SINGING
SINGING PLAYS

RADIO
RECEIVING
SET FOR
BOYS

ARCHERY
SET

WALKING
WALL

WALKING
WALL
SET

FOOTBALL

JOB IN
MASON
BARRELL SET

THE
NEW
MARTIN SET

THE
NEW
MARTIN SET

THE
NEW
MARTIN SET

SEE HOW
EASY
BALL AND
RINGS

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Simply mail your name and address on company card to Dept. AT UNK, 11700 N. Central Expressway, 4th Fl., Chicago, Ill. 60631. When you have your 24 Maccos, send them to us. You have received and you can receive your prizes. It's so easy! Write to: THE MURPHY, Dept. AT UNK, 11700 N. Central Expressway, 4th Fl., Chicago, Ill. 60631. MAIL TO: THE MURPHY, Dept. AT UNK, 11700 N. Central Expressway, 4th Fl., Chicago, Ill. 60631.

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The FURNISH, Dept. D-101, FREE 40 PRIZES
4040 N. Clark St., Chicago 44, Ill.

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Send 1 card filling in, cutting and mailing this coupon
to Dept. AT UNK, 11700 N. Central Expressway, Chicago, Ill.

FREE! MEMBERSHIP in the FURNISH's Fun Club

Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious, Motion
ON CREDIT Easy to sell—you get valuable prizes EXTRA! If
you sell motion and send payment within 15 days you receive FREE
Membership in the FURNISH's Fun Club. A membership card, certificate,
great packet of fun materials all yours PLUS extra surprises!

SEND NO MONEY... We Trust You